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Non tamen interpretis latitudinem iuvet. Hic.

L O N D I N A



FABULAS has in usum filiorum suorum, quos Literas domi docebat, multis abhinc annis Editor Latinè reddidit, et illustrissimi Principis Walliæ in Clientelam traditas, in publicum protulit: Has tamen (cùm nullo Auctoris nomine signarentur, et multis prætereà Typographi mendis scaterent) usque ad hunc diem seorsum positas nullo in pretio habuit: at quoniam opuscula sua recognoscendi, antequàm e vitâ decedat, sibi otium datur, limatius hoc denuò in lucem restituit, et jam Nepotibus suis nec injucundum nec inutile fore munusculum confidit. Quòd si hinc Lectori erudito puerilium suorum studiorum non inamabilis animus subeat recordatio, aut si Adolescentulis Latinam Poeticam discantibus simplex

hæc

P R Æ F A T I O.

hæc Interpretatio vel utilitati fit, vel oblectamento, non modò non Editorem pœnitebit humilis adeò operis in se suscepti, verùm etiam ille sibi seriò gratulabitur: prætereà, si aptus habeatur, qui etiam QUARTAM apud Etonenses classem (sexaginta ferè annos relictam) inter Latinos interpretes rursùs attingat, lætus sibi repuerascere videbitur, et septuagenario Amico suo lubens locum dabit, quem *unà cum sociis*, omnem Græciam expugnantibus, * facetus quidam Literarum Arbitrator ad SEPTIMAM USQUE CLASSEM nuper proximit.

C. A.

BATHONIÆ, 1798.

* Vide Poema Anglicanum, incogniti cujusdam Auctoris, cui titulus *The Pursuits of Literature*: Opus sanè non mediocris ingenii; Eruditionis admodùm reconditæ; et abundè salis.

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ILLUSTRISSIMI CUMBERLANDIÆ DUCIS

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Maximâ, quâ potuit, fide, Latinè redditas

Votis ominibusque faustissimis

DAT DICAT DEDICAT

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Vnde omnibus Astronomiae

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F A B U L Æ

S E L E C T, Æ.

Enter'd at Stationers Hall.

B



INTRODUCTION

T O T H E

F A B L E S.

The SHEPHERD and the PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.



A D

F A B U L A S.

P R O Æ M I U M.

PASTOR et PHILOSOPHUS.

SOLLICITO lucri nunquam vexatus amore

Secretos Pastor duxit ab urbe dies ;

Argento fimiles spargebant tempora cani,

Fecit et ex usu longa senecta Sophum :

Sole sub æstivo, gelidæque sub impete brumæ,

Mane novo pavit, vespere clausit oves :

Cepit quæque levem decepta laboribus hora

Ambitione vacans, invidiâque fugam :

Per totum extulerat nomen venerabile pagum

Sincerus vitæ mos, sapiensque tenor.

A deep philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of PLATO weigh'd?
Hath SOCRATES thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd TULLY's mind?
Or, like the wise ULYSSES thrown
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The Shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;

Instructus morum studiis, (academia vitæ

Cui dederat normam consiliumque) Sophus

Ad laris exigui contendens limina quærit

Funditùs ingenium scire animumque senis.

“ Quo tibi fonte fluit sapientia ? tene labore

“ Nocturno veteres erudiere sophi ?

“ An Latia tibi scire artes Graiaque Minervæ

“ Contigit, aut totum mente Platona capis ?

“ Num tibi Socraticæ formarunt pectora chartæ,

“ Aut explorato te Cicerone colis ?

“ Anne per ignotas, fatis urgentibus, oras

Prudentis carpens, instar Ulyssis, iter,

Singula lustrasti regio quos protulit usus,

Quos coluit mores, quæ sibi jura dedit ?

Non mihi forte datum est doctrinæ exquirere calles,

Submissâ pastor voce modestus ait ;

Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
 To read mankind, their laws and arts;
 For man is practis'd in disguise,
 He cheats the most discerning eyes;
 Who by that search shall wiser grow,
 When we ourselves can never know?
 The little knowledge, I have gain'd,
 Was all from simple nature drain'd;
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
 Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
 Awake my soul to industry.
 Who can observe the careful ant,
 And not provide for future want?
 My dog (the truest of his kind)
 With gratitude inflames my mind:

Non hominum ad mores, aut jura, artesve legen-
[das,
Mutavi patriis extera regna focis;

Nam tacitos celans falsâ sub imagine sensus
Scrutantur visus fallere novit Homo;

Anne aliquis studio fiet sapientior isto,

Cùm Nos nec studio scire, nec arte datur?

Quæ mihi, parva quidem, parva est doctrina, fate-

Naturæ dono simplice sola venit; [bor,

Hoc mihi fonte fluunt vitæ præcepta beatæ,

Hinc odium vitii crevit, et usque manet.

Quæ solet assiduos patienter adire labores

Me vocat, adque meos sedula cogit apes.

Quis cernit formica quot urget provida curas,

Nec caveat veniens quam ferat hora famem?

Me meus (accepti quo non minùs immemor alter

Muneris) ingratum non finit esse canis:

I mark his true, his faithful way,
 And in my service copy Tray.
 In constancy and nuptial love,
 I learn my duty from the dove.
 The hen, who from the chilly air,
 With pious wings protects her care;
 And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
 Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I take my rule,
 To shun contempt and ridicule.
 I never with important air,
 In conversation overbear;
 Can grave and formal pass for wise,
 When men the solemn owl despise?
 My tongue within my lips I rein,
 For who talks much, must talk in vain;

Blanditias fine fraude, artesque admiror honestas,
 Obsequiumque imitor, fide Lycisce, tuum. [lecti
 Quid sit Hymen, quid Amor, quid honesti fœdera
 Admonet irrupto juncta columba jugo.
 Quæ pullos, pia mater, alit gallina tenellos,
 Expansâque tegit plumâ, abigitque gelu,
 Et volucris quæcunque vagis secat æthera pennis,
 Me tenero fungi patris amore docet.

Unde etiam risus, justa et fastidia vitem
 Regula naturæ munere certa datur.
 Non me [&]proponens, quos colloquor inter, amicis,
 Cenforis partes imperiosus ago ;
 Anne sophum faciant habitus, moresque severi,
 Contemptum Bubo cùm gravitate movet ?
 Attentas quoniam dat nemo loquacibus aures,
 Imposui linguæ vincula justa meæ ;

We from the wordy torrent fly :
 Who listens to the chatt'ring pye ?
 Nor would I, with felonious flight,
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right ;
 Rapacious animals we hate ;
 Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
 Do not we just abhorrence find ?
 Against the toad and serpent kind ?
 But envy, culumny, and spite,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.
 Thus ev'ry object of creation
 Can furnish hints to contemplation ;
 And from the most minute and mean,
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the sage replies ;
 Thy virtue proves thee only wise ;

Flumina verbosæ fugimus torrentia Linguæ :

Quis strepitum curat, garrula Pica, tuum?

Non ego per tacitam quidvis abscondere fraudem

Vicinive sacrum jus violare velim;

Hinc odio est genus omne rapax; justâque videmus

Plecti cæde lupos, accipitresque mori;

Nonne æquâ ratione movet fastidia bufo,

Serpentumque affert squamea turba metum?

Ast odium, Livorque, et tetra Calumnia tabum

Deterius morfu fert, graviusque malum.

Sic quodcunque manus naturæ dædala finxit

Quod speculetur homo, quâ moneatur, habet;

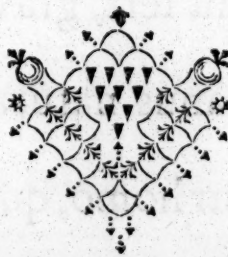
Rebus et ex minimis morum studiosa bonorum

Mens præcepta sibi consiliumque legat.

Cui Sophus hæc: "tu quàm meritò sapientis Hono-

Solus habes, Virtus hæc tua vera probat: [rem

Pride often guides the author's pen,
Books as affected are as men ;
But he who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws ;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.



Fastus sæpe regit calamum scriptoris inanem,

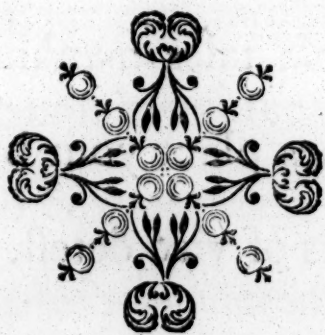
Utque Homines, fallax pagina vana doceat

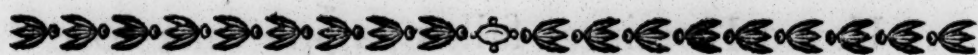
At quicumque studet Naturæ discere leges,

Præcepta ex Veri fonte sequenda trahit ;

Sic sapiens, sic justus homo, sic fiet honestus,

Nec sophiæ studiis plura docendus erit.





F A B L E I.

T H E

LION, the TYGER, and the TRAVELLER.

ACCEPT, young PRINCE, the moral lay,
 And in these tales mankind survey;
 With early virtues plant your breast,
 The specious arts of vice detest.

Princes, like beauties, from their youth
 Are strangers to the voice of truth:
 Learn to condemn all praise betimes;
 For flattery's the nurse of crimes:



F A B U L A I.

LEO, TIGRIS, et VIATOR.

HÆC habeas, juvenis, moralia carmina, Prin-
 Fabellisq̃ue homines intueare meis; [ceps,
 Maturè ingenuo virtutes inferre cordi,
 Et vitii perstet mens inimica dolis.

Princeps, *egregio ceu prædita Nympha decore,
 Heu! tenero Veri nescit ab ungue sonum:
 Tu discas jam nunc laudem contemnere, discas
 Quot mala adulantis lingua dolosa foveat:

Friendship by sweet reproof is shown,
 (A virtue never near a throne ;)
 In courts such freedom must offend,
 There none presumes to be a friend.
 To those of your exalted station
 Each courtier is a dedication :
 Must I too flatter like the rest,
 And turn my morals to a jest ?
 The Muse disdains to steal from those,
 Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.

But shall I hide your real praise,
 Or tell you what a nation says ?
 They in your infant bosom trace
 The virtues of your Royal race,
 In the fair dawning of your mind
 Discern you gen'rous, mild, and kind :

Suavis amicitiam monstrat censura fidelem,

Quæ rarò folii est invenienda comes ;

Cùm nec inest sincera fides, neque fingitur aulis,

Non ibi Libertas hæc generosa placet.

Principibus ceu scripta viris qui dedicat auctor,

Quas tibi det laudes Aulicus omnis habet ;

Siccine adulantis sequar exemplaria turbæ ?

Siccine vera decet vertere dicta joco ?

Blanditias loquitur quas grex nutritus in aulis

Spernit Apollineis Musa referre modis.

At merita, O Princeps, ergo tua vera filebo,

Quidve putat de te Terra Britanna loquar ?

Illa tibi in tenero virtutum pectore cernit

Semina, magnorum nomine digna patrum ;

Te mitem facilemque novo jam mentis in ortu,

Indole te ingenuâ munificumque videt,

They see you grieve to hear distress,
 And pant already to redress ;
 Go on ; the height of good attain,
 Nor let a nation hope in vain ;
 From hence we justly may preface
 The virtues of a riper age ;
 True courage shall your bosom fire,
 And future actions own your Sire.
 Cowards are cruel ; but the brave
 Love mercy, and delight to save.

A Tyger, roaming for his prey,
 Sprung on a Trav'ler in the way ;
 The prostrate game a Lion spies,
 And on the greedy tyrant flies ;
 With mingled roar resounds the wood,
 Their teeth, their claws distil with blood ;

Te cupidum afflictis succurrere, te generosum

Sentit, et humanis indoluisse malis :

Maeste animis ; en læta Boni te ad culmina virtus

Voce vocat ! Patriæ perfice vota tuæ :

His etenim auguriis, cum firma adoleverit ætas,

Cernere sit qualis fama virilis erit ;

Veræ laudis amor flammis te accendet honestis,

Et magnum agnoscent facta futura Patrem ;

Ignavi feritas animi est ; præstare jacenti

Auxilium, et miseris parcere fortis amat.

Sæva Viatori deserto in tramite Tigris

Infilit, ut spolii lustrat avara nemus ;

Prostratam cernit prædam, rabidoque Tyranno

Infilit ipse ferox et rapit ungue Leo ;

Commisso resonat fremitu nemus, undique rivis

Tingit purpureis ora pedesque cruor :

Till vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
 The spotted foe extends his length;
 The Man besought the shaggy lord,
 And on his knees for life implor'd:
 His life the gen'rous hero gave;
 Together walking to his cave,
 The Lion thus bespoke his guest:
 "What hardy beast shall dare contest
 My matchless strength! You saw the fight,
 And must attest my pow'r and right:
 Forc'd to forego their native home,
 My starving slaves at distance roam:
 Within these woods I reign alone,
 The boundless forest is my own;
 Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
 Have dy'd the regal den with blood:

Donec fauce cadens, et vi graviore Leonis,

Horridus in maculis sternitur hostis humi;

Hirsuto supplex dat verba precantia Regi,

Et vitam implorat poplite pronus Homo :

Dat vitam, fortisque ultrò sic incipit heros,

Dum comitem blandus ducit ad antra novum:

“ An dubitare meas audebit strenua vires

Bellua vel mecum conferet ulla suas ?

Pugnæ testis eras, et jus fateare necesse est,

Huic mihi quod regno vis mea sola dedit :

Hinc procul a patriis jamdudum sedibus exul,

Turpi enecta fame bruta caterva fugit :

Has inter sylvas solus mea sceptrum capeſſo,

Me dominum agnoscunt hæc loca vasta suum ;

Me gentes tremuere feræ : gravis ursus, et acres

Regia tinxerunt antra cruore lupi :

These carcases on either hand,
 Those bones that whiten all the land;
 My former deeds, and triumphs tell,
 Beneath these jaws what numbers fell.

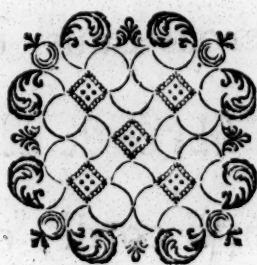
True, says the Man: the strength I saw
 Might well the brutal nation awe;
 But shall a monarch, brave like you,
 Place glory in so false a view?
 Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
 Be lov'd: let justice bound your might.
 Mean are ambitious heroes boasts
 Of wasted lands and slaughter'd hosts;
 Pirates their pow'r by murders gain;
 Wise kings by love and mercy reign:
 To me your clemency hath shown
 The virtue worthy of a throne:

Quæ dextrâ, lævâque, exanguia corpora cernis,
 Istaque quèis albens ossa repletur humus,
 Hæc antiqua tropæa, et facta priora fatentur
 Faucibus his domitæ quot cecidere feræ.

Vera refers, respondet Homo: genus omne ferinum
 Vis tua, (testis eram) sola domare potest;
 At sibi tam falso splendentem lumine famam
 Captabit fortis Rex, similisque tui?
 Vicinos spoliant Fures; tibi laus fit amari;
 Justitiâ vires tu moderare tuas:
 Qui cæfas jactant acies, vastataque regna
 Prava agit Heroas Laus, et iniquus Honor;
 Imperium acquirit sibi cæde et sanguine Prædo,
 Rex sapiens miti corde, et amore regit:
 Hæc tua, quam nuper sensi, clementia monstrat
 Quàm folio virtus sit tua digna frui:

Heav'n gives you pow'r above the rest,
Like Heav'n to succour the distrest.

The case is plain, the Monarch said ;
False glory hath my youth misled ;
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatt'ers of my reign :
You reason well : Yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend ?
For all my fawning rogues agree,
That human heroes rule like me.



Regum sola venit cælo commissa potestas,
 Ut cælo fimiles sint, miserosque levent.

Res manifesta patet, lufit laus prava juventam,
 Rex ait, et falsà luce fefellit honor;

Agmen adulantum, genus heu fervile ferarum,
 Imperii mores instituere mei:

Me rectà ratione mones: sed dic mihi, quæso,
 Tune aulas nunquam, dulcis amice, colis?
 Scilicet humanos omnis mea turba fatetur
 Heroas, fceptrum more tenere meo.





F A B L E II.

The MOTHER, the NURSE, and the FAIRY.

GIVE me a son. The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?

How partial are their doating eyes?

No child is half so fair and wise.

Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The mother rose, and sought her heir:
She saw the Nurse, like one possess'd,
With wringing hands, and sobbing breast.



F A B U L A II.

MATER, NUTRIX, et LAMIA.

DII, date filiolum. misso tibi munere felix

O ! quàm progenie gaudet uterque parens !

Quid falsus non suadet amor ? sapientior herclè

Non fuit, aut toto pulchrior orbe puer.

Surgit, et Aurorâ lætos referente labores,

Hæredem genitrix officiosa petit :

Contortis stabat, ceu percita Dæmone, palmis

Nutrix, singultu concutiente sinus.

Sure some difaster has befel :
 Speak, Nurfe ; I hope the boy is well.

Dear Madam, think not me to blame ;
 Invifible the Fairy came :
 Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
 And in the place a changeling laid ;
 Where are the father's mouth and nofe,
 The mother's eyes, as black as floes ?
 See here, a fhocking aukward creature,
 That fpeaks a fool in every feature.

The woman's blind, the Mother cries ;
 I fee wit fparkle in his eyes.

Lord ! Madam, what a fquinting leer !
 No doubt the Fairy hath been here.

Hei mihi, nescio quid malè contigit, en age, quid sit,

Dic, Nutrix; vivit, spero, valetque puer.

Ne mihi, ne tribuas, Domina O carissima, culpam;

Adfuit hìc oculos clam scelerata meos

Adfuit hic Lamia: et vità tibi charior infans

Tollitur, et supplet plumbeus iste locum;

Lumina quò matris sylvestribus æmula prunis,

Quò patrius fugit nasus, et oris honos?

Hìc adverte oculos, deforme hoc aspice monstrum,

Totus hebet, stultum tota figura sapit.

Fœmina, mater ait, cæca est; en, qualis ocello

Vivida scintillat vis, animique vigor?

Per Superos, respondet anus, transversa tuetur

Jam nunc: hìc Lamiam nullus adesse neget.

Just as she spoke, a Pigmy Sprite
 Pops through the key-hole, swift as light;
 Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
 And thus her folly reprimands.

Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,
 That we the world with fools supply?
 What! give our sprightly race away,
 For the dull helpless sons of clay!
 Besides, by partial fondness shown,
 Like you we doat upon our own;
 Where yet was ever found a mother,
 Who'd give her booby for another?
 And should we change with human breed,
 Well might we pass for fools indeed.

Dixit, per clavis cùm lapsa foramen imago

Pygmæa, ante oculos ocyor igne volat ;

Erectumque caput cunarum in vertice tollens,

Stultitiam his visa est inc̄repitare modis.

Unde hæc vana hominum surgunt commenta? quis
[unquam

Nos orbi stultos suppeditare putet?

An nostrum sublime genus mortalibus ægris,

Compositisque luto posthabuisse decet?

Nos quoque progeniem vix æquo lumine nostram

Cernimus, et falsus nos quoque ludit amor ;

Quæ genitrix, puerum si commutare liceret,

Pingue caput fatui nollet habere sui?

Gentis at humanæ sobolem præponere nostræ,

Stultorum nobis nomina jure daret.



F A B L E III.

The EAGLE and the assembly of ANIMALS.

AS JUPITER's all-seeing eye

Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,

From this small speck of earth were sent

Murmurs and sounds of discontent ;

For every thing alive complain'd,

That he the hardest life sustain'd.

JOVE calls the Eagle. At the word

Before him stands the royal bird.



F A B U L A III.

AQUILA, et ANIMALIUM cœtus.

JUPITER immensos mundi dum prospicit orbes,

Lumine, quo cœli cuncta sub arce videt,

Confusum subitò murmur, vocumque tumultus

Hoc terræ ex humili surgit ad astra globo;

Quippe omne æthereis animal quod vescitur auris,

Conqueritur vità se graviore premi.

Ergo Aquilam vocat Omnipotens. ad jussa Tonantis,

Confestim ante oculos regius ales adest.

D

The bird, obedient, from heav'n's height,
Downwards directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing,
To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures, whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies?
Why this disorder? say the cause:
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal;
To yon four Dog, I first appeal.

Hard is my lot, the Hound replies,
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains and vales, and mountains go;
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.

Ille capit mandata, et ab ætheris axe deorsum

Remigio alarum præpete carpit iter;

Et vitam quæcunque trahunt animalia cogit,

Regis ut accipiant jussa verenda sui.

Murmura cur hæc tanta, ingrata animalia, furgunt,

Murmura fⁱdereis invidiosa choris?

Dicite cur tantos audetis tollere motus?

Æqui jura · manent inviolanda Jovis.

Dicant quæque suas, et quam fovet iste querelam

Tetricus austero prædicet ore canis.

Fata manent me dura, canis venaticus inquit,

Quàm celeri nervo vertagus iste fugit?

Dum fessis ego tarda trahens vestigia plantis,

Per juga, per valles, et loca plana feror;

Sol videt exoriens cursus me dura ferentem,

Nec grave finitur, dum caput abdit, opus.

When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
 My game is lost, or caught in view;
 Beyond my fight the prey's secure:
 The Hound is slow, but always sure;
 And had I his sagacious scent,
 Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.

The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
 The Fox, the Lion's force and heart:
 The Cock implor'd the Pidgeon's flight,
 Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light:
 The Pidgeon strength of wing despis'd,
 And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd:
 The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain;
 The Beasts, to skim beneath the main:
 Thus, envious of another's state,
 Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.

Vertagus at contra: mea, quam sequor, aufugit ora,

Aut cadit ante oculos præda repente meos;

Si lateat, secura manet: venaticus urget

Dum canis iste pigrum vincere certus iter;

Cujus si nares mihi fors tribuisset odoros,

Non justum arguerat nostra querela Jovem.

Ingenium et vafras vulpis Leo postulat artes;

Corda sibi Vulpes, vimque Leonis avet:

Gallus more cupit cursum tranare Columbæ,

Cui valida, et pernix, et levis ala datur:

Pennarum vires, rapidosque Columba volatus

Respuit, et Galli cor sibi forte rogat:

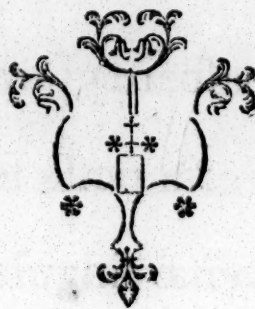
Exoptant campi depascere gramina Pisces;

Æquoreaſque Feræ posse secare vias:

Invida sic audent alienæ singula fortis,

Fatorum injustas insimulare manus.

The bird of heav'n then cry'd aloud ;
 " JOVE bids disperse the murm'ring croud ;
 The God rejects your idle prayers ;
 Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
 Entirely change your name and nature,
 And be the very envy'd creature ?
 What, silent all, and none consent !
 Be happy then, and learn content :
 Nor imitate the restless mind,
 And proud ambition of mankind."



Tum magnâ æthereus proclamat voce minister ;
 “ Dispersa hæc abeat turba, jubente Deo ;
 Futilibus surdam precibus dat Jupiter aurem ;
 Quidque cohors frustra seditiosa petis ?
 An tibi quidque cupit Naturam et nomina verti,
 Atque animal, cui nunc invidet, esse velit ?
 Anne silent ? an cuncta negant ? quin singula fato
 Sint contenta, dedit quod tibi cunque Deus :
 Nec vesana agitet corda irrequieta libido,
 Quæ solet humanum sollicitare genus.”





F A B L E IV.

The LADY and the WASP.

WHAT whispers must the Beauty bear !

What hourly nonsense haunts her ear ?

Where'er her eyes dispense her charms,

Impertinence around her swarms :

Did not the tender nonsense strike,

Contempt and scorn might look dislike ;

Forbidding airs might thin the place ;

The slightest flap a fly can chase ;

But who can drive the num'rous breed ?

Chase one, another will succeed ;



F A B U L A IV.

PUELLA et VESPA.

QUOT patitur vanos Virgo formosa fufurros !
 Stultitiæ quoties ludit in aure sonus !

Quicquid agit, quoquò veneres radiantia pandunt

Lumina, inepta subest follicitatque cohors :

Sin teneræ nullâ capiant dulcedine nugæ,

Hæc vetet asperior frons, tacitusque pudor ;

Stultus tergâ daret justâ gravitate repulsus ;

Vel minimo carpit verbere musca fugam ;

Quis tamen innumeram cogat discedere gentem ?

Altera succedet, quem fugit una, loco :

Who knows a fool, must know his brother ;
 One fop will recommend another :
 And with this plague she's rightly curst,
 Because she listen'd to the first.

As DORIS, at her toilet's duty,
 Sat meditating on her beauty,
 She now was pensive, now was gay,
 And loll'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,
 A giddy wasp around her flies ;
 He now advances, now retires,
 Now to her neck and cheek aspires ;
 Her fan in vain defends her charms ;
 Swift he returns, again alarms ;
 For by repulse he bolder grew,
 Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew ;

Qui stultum novit, fratrem quoque noscat oportet;

Quis comitem, quem non laudet, ineptus habet?

Et primo quæcunque aurem dedit ardelioni,

Hanc poenam mentà peste puella luit.

Officio, DŌRIS, studioque operata diurno,

Ad speculum, formæ dum studiosa, sedet,

Nunc hilari sibi fronte placens, nunc ore severo,

Æstivos fallit desidiosa dies.

Hic ubi lenta sedet, gyro fecat aera circum

Lascivam carpens Vespæ proterva viam;

Nunc reprimit, nunc urget iter, nunc oscula figit

Cervici, aut roseas appetit ore genas;

Verbera ~~non icti~~ defendunt ora flabelli,

Illa novo rediens corda timore movet;

Pulsa etenim fit mente audacior, inque labello

Insidet, et rorem luxuriosa bibit;

She frowns, she frets. Good gods ! she cries,
 Protect me from these teasing flies !
 Of all the plagues that heav'n hath sent,
 A Wasp is most impertinent.

The hov'ring insect thus complain'd,
 Am I then flighted, scorn'd, disdain'd ?
 Can such offence your anger wake ?
 'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
 Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
 That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
 Made me with strong desire pursue
 The fairest peach that ever grew.

Strike him not, JENNY, DORIS cries,
 Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies :
 For though he's free (to do him right)
 The creature's civil and polite.

Nympha fremit, frontemque trahens, O! Numina,
 Muscarum crucians hoc prohibete genus;
 Quotquot habent pestes, non importunius ullum
 Turpibus his vespis Dii tribuere malum.

Tene mei capiunt fastidia, voce querenti

Vespa ait, et fidus sic tibi sordet amor?

Hæccine culpa movet? (quæ si tibi culpa videtur)

Non mihi, sed formæ est attribuenda tuæ.

Hoc tibi purpureum, quod spirat thura, labellum,

Quæque sedet roseis læta juventa genis,

Impulit, ut pomo, quo non speciosius unquam

Perfica terra tulit, sit mihi posse frui.

Ah! nec æde, JANETTA, haud muscæ ignobilis instar,

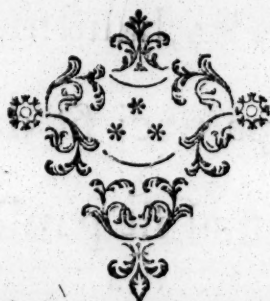
Unquam Vespa neci fit data, DORIS ait,

Nam quamvis animal sit paulò audacius, hercle

Urbanos mores, ingenuosque sapit.

In ecstacies away he posts,
 Where-e'er he came, the favour boasts ;
 Brags how her sweetest tea he sips,
 And shews the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew,
 Sure of success, away they flew ;
 They share the dainties of the day,
 Round her with airy music play ;
 And now they flutter, now they rest,
 Now soar again, and skim her breast ;
 Nor were they banish'd, till she found
 That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.



Exultans animis illa agmina conscia jungit,
 Nymphaque quàm facilis, quàm sit amica do-
 Se gustasse Theam cum Virgine jactat odoram, [cet;
 Suaviaque in labris signa notare jubet.

His monita indiciis, et forti fisa secundæ
 Hùc omnis subitò turba proterva volat ;
 Participat mensæ luxum importuna diurnæ,
 Et circum aerio ludit ubique sono ;
 Nunc agitata fremit, nunc paulùm immota qui-
 Nunc iterum ascendit, pervolatque sinum ; [escit,
 Nec cedit ; Vespis dum sentit inesse venenum,
 Ictaue crudeli cuspide nympa dolet.





F A B L E V.

The BULL and the MASTIFF.

SEEK you to train your fav'rite boy :

Each caution, ev'ry care employ :

And ere you venture to confide,

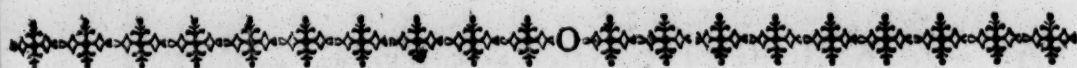
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd :

Weigh well his manners, life and scope ;

On these depends thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,

A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,



F A B U L A V.

TAURUS et MOLOSSUS.

SI rectè cupias puer instituatur amatus,

Omnis in hoc ^{uti} ~~ca~~ ^{ar} flet pia cura patris :

Et prius expertum sit cor animusque magistri,

Quàm formet nati cor animumque tui:

Et quoniam hìc omnis spes est, hominem ^{[totum,} inspice

Et vitam et mores sit penetrare labor.

Taurus floriferi fruitur dum gramine campi,

Prataque felici pace quieta regit,

E

A Mastiff pass'd ; inflam'd with ire,
 His eye-balls shot indignant fire ;
 He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood ;
 Spurning the ground the monarch stood,
 And roar'd aloud ; " Suspend the fight,
 In a whole skin go sleep to-night ;
 Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
 What wrongs provoke thee to engage ?
 Is it ambition fires thy breast,
 Or avarice that ne'er can rest ?
 From these alone unjustly springs
 The world-destroying wrath of kings.

'The furlly Mastiff thus returns ;
 Within my bosom glory burns ;
 Like heroes of eternal name,
 Whom poets sing, I fight for fame ;

Juxta carpit iter gravis atrà bile Moloffus;

Fervida dant spumas ora, oculique micant;
Sanguinis urget amor; mugitibus æthera raucis

Rex quatit, et tunfam calce fatigat humum;
“ Ne tibi ne pugnæ veniat malefuada cupido,

Si sanam cupias hac tibi nocte cutem;
Aut age, fare prius quàm pugnæ exæstuet ardor,

Cur mihi bella paras? quæ tibi causa mali est?
Tene agit ambitio, placidæve inimica quieti

Dat stimulos lucri perniciosa fitis?
His orta incipiis, Regum sine jure potentum
Vastatrix rabies, et gravis ira venit.

Acrior infesto respondet corde Moloffus;

Hos dedit, hos stimulos Gloria sola movet;
Heroum similis, quorum immortalia vates
Facta canunt, Bellum, Laudis amore, gero;

The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
 To daily war my youth inclin'd;
 He train'd me to heroic deed;
 Taught me to conquer, or to bleed.

Curs'd Dog, the Bull reply'd, no more
 I wonder at thy thirst of gore;
 For thou, beneath a butcher train'd,
 Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
 His daily murders in thy view,
 Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue;
 Take then thy fate: With goring wound,
 At once he lifts him from the ground;
 Aloft the sprawling heroe flies,
 Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.



Formavit lanii virtus animosa juventam,

Bellorumque sitim **Bella diurna dabant;**

Ille animum erudiit, fortemque ad fortia misit;

Aut superare docens, impavidumve mori.

Nunc scio, Taurus ait, nec jam, canis improbe, miror,

Sanguinis unde agitat te truculenta sitis;

Quippe sub auspiciis lanii crudelibus altus,

Cui feritas animo est, sanguineæque manus,

Inter tot strages, et tot spectacula cædis,

Vix monitore minùs cædis avarus eris;

Quin morere, ut meritis: simul hæc effatus, acerbo

Percussum penitùs vulnere, tollit humo;

In sublime fugit sublatis cruribus heros,

Diruptusque ferit terram, ululansque perit.





F A B L E VI.

The PEACOCK, the TURKEY, and the GOOSE.

IN beauty faults conspicuous grow ;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.

As near a barn, by hunger led,
A Peacock with the Poultry fed ;
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry :
He, conscious of superior merit,
Contemns their base reviling spirit ;



F A B U L A VI.

PAVO, MELICA, et ANSER.

PARVUS in egregio prodit se corpore nævus;
In nive vel minima est conspicienda nota.

Venerat esurie compulsus ad horrea Pavo,

Atque ibi dum socias pascitur inter aves;

Invida continuò jaculatur lumina circum

Hospitis ad pompam tota caterva novi:

Viles ille animos, inhonestaque jurgia temnit,

Dum recolunt proprium conscia corda decus;

His state and dignity assumes,
 And to the sun displays his plumes ;
 Which, like the heav'n's o'er-arching skies,
 Are spangled with a thousand eyes.
 The circling rays, and varied light,
 At once confound their dazzled sight :
 On ev'ry tongue detraction burns,
 And malice prompts their spleen by turns,

Mark, with what insolence and pride,
 The creature takes his haughty stride,
 The Turkey cries. Can spleen contain?
 Sure never bird was half so vain !
 But were intrinsic merit seen,
 We Turkies have the whiter skin,

From tongue to tongue they caught abuse ;
 And next was heard the hissing Goose;

Quin digno splendore patet, caudamque superbam
 Solis in adversum dat rutilare jubar;
 Quæ veluti, stellante polo, laquearia cœli,
 Mille micat radiis, lumina mille jactit;
 Perstringit visus plumarum splendidus ordo,
 Et variis acies lucibus icta dolet;
 Jam celeres linguæ dat cuique calumniæ flammæ,
 Certatimque animos bilis acerba movet.

En! Melica exclamat, quæ majestate superbum
 Grandibus hoc animal passibus urget iter?
 Quis bilem retinere queat? me judice, nunquam
 Altera tam fastu turgida vixit avis!
 Sin meritis sit honos, virtusque interna patefcât,
 Pulchrior est Melicis, candidiorque cutis.

[bus Anser;
 Linguam lingua movet; quin mox strepit impro-
 Ille etiam risu fibila colla quatit;

What hideous legs ! what filthy claws !

(I scorn to censure little flaws)

But what a horrid squalling throat !

Ev'n owls are frighted at the note.

True. Those are faults, the Peacock cries ;

My scream, my thanks you may despise :

But such blind critics rail in vain :

What, overlook my radiant train ?

Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)

The Turkey or the Goose support,

And did ye scream with harsher sound,

Those faults in you had ne'er been found ;

To all apparent beauties blind,

Each blemish strikes an envious mind.

Thus in Assemblies have I seen

A nymph of brightest charms and mien,

O! quàm turpia crura! et quæ, proh Jupiter, ungues!

(Nolo equidem in culpas durior esse leves)

At qualem, quàm raucam expromit gutture vo-
[cem?

Vel bubo horribilem contremittit ipse sonum.

Vera quidem, Pavo exclamat, mihi crimina formæ

Hæc datis: ut vox est, sint quoque crura
[joco:

At, Critici, frustra me cæcum carpitis agmen:

An nulli radians cauda notata nitet?

Si melica ista meo, quod spernit, crure feratur,

Anseris aut pigrum sustineatur onus,

Si vestræ strepitu voces pejore sonarent,

Hæc vitia in vobis nulla reperta forent;

Invida sed labem mens lustrat acutiùs omnem,

Dum cæca est meritis; negligiturque decor.

Sic ubi formâ habituque placens, ut sæpe notavi,

Fœmineos intrat nympha venusta choros,

Wake envy in each ugly face ;
And buzzing scandal fills the place.



F A B L E VII.

The TAME STAG.

AS a young Stag the thicket past,
The branches held his antlers fast ;
A clown, who saw the captive hung,
Across the horns his halter flung ;

Now safely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the present to his lord ;

Singula continuò movet ora informia livor,

Et strepit infami garrulitate locus.



F A B U L A VII.

CERVUS MANSUETUS.

DUM juvenis tendit dumeta per aspera Cervus,

Ramorum cohibent brachia densa caput ;

Nequicquam implicità luctantem fronte colonus

Cernit, et injecto cornua fune ligat ;

Ille tenet laqueo, prædàque superbus opimà,

Captivam domino donat habere feram ;

His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
 When he was tip'd with half a crown;
 The Stag was brought before his wife,
 The tender lady begg'd his life;
 How sleek's the skin! how speck'd like ermine;
 Sure never creature was so charming!

At first within the yard confin'd,
 He flies and hides from all mankind;
 Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
 And distant awe, presumes to gaze;
 Munches the linen on the lines,
 And on a hood or apron dines:
 He steals my little master's bread,
 Follows the servants to be fed:
 Nearer and nearer now he stands,
 To feel the praise of patting hands;

Acceptà gaudet dominus ; gaudetque colonus,

Splendidus in promptu cùm sibi nummus adest:

Cervus ad uxorem fertur, quæ parcere vitæ

Implorat tenero mollit⁹ ore virum ; [hercle

e ; “ Quam teres hæcce cutis ! non mus maculosior

Ponticus est : animal suavius ecquid erat ? ”

Clauditur exigui cùm primùm in limite septi,

Se tegit, atque hominem vitat, et ora fugit ;

Mox animum capiens, obtutu fixus in uno,

Luminibus tacitis singula cautus obit ;

Pendula funiculis tum prendens lintea morfu,

Prandia ventrali, pileolove facit :

Crustula ab armigero captat sibi fraude tenello,

Speque dapum, fervos gestit ubique sequi:

Vicinus magis atque magis nunc omnibus astat,

Plaudentesque subit lætus ovanque manus ;

Examines ev'ry fist for meat,
 And though repuls'd disdains retreat :
 Attacks again with levell'd horns ;
 And man, that was his terror, scorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
 When first a red-coat is in fight ;
 Behind the door she hides her face ;
 Next time at distance eyes the lace ;
 She now can all his terrors stand,
 Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand ;
 She plays familiar in his arms,
 And ev'ry soldier hath his charms ;
 From tent to tent she spreads her flame ;
 For cūstom conquers fear and shame.



Mox escam impatiens palmâ sibi poscit ab omni,

Cedere et indignans, sæpe repulsus adest:

Mutua directo vocat in certamina cornu,

Ludibrioque hominem, quem metuebat, habet.

Haud secus agrestis trepidat formidine virgo,

Coccina cùm primùm percutit ora chlamys;

Pone fores faciem obnubit, mox longiùs abstat,

Prætextamque auro spectat, amatque togam;

Nunc formidato sese offert fortior hosti,

Nec pressam graviter fert, retrahitve manum;

Ludere in amplexu nunc intima gaudet, et omnis

Creditur illecebras miles habere suas;

Singula dispergit mox per tentoria flammæ,

Nam pudor atque metus more subactus abit.





F A B L E VIII.

The MONKEY

Who had seen the World.

A Monkey, to reform the times,
 Resolv'd to visit foreign climes;
 For men in distant regions roam,
 To bring politer manners home:
 So forth he fares, all toil defies:
 Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid;
 Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,



F A B U L A VIII.

SIMIUS

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes. Hor.

UT fratrum emendet mores, et corrigat ævum,
Ardet in externum Simius ire folum;

Quippe hominum mos est gentes lustrare remotas,

Ut patriam urbanà rectiùs arte colant:

Ergo iter aggreditur; nulla illum incommoda ter-
[rent:

Quisque suis discit ^{cau} ~~est~~ior esse malis.

In laqueos tandem cadit, et deductus ad urbem,

Pauper in ignotà venditur hospes humo,

There fold. • (How envy'd was his doom,
 Made captive in a lady's room!)
 Proud as a lover of his chains,
 He day by day her favour gains:
 Whene'er the duty of the day
 The toilet calls; with mimic play
 He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
 Like any other gentleman;
 In visits too his parts and wit,
 When jests grew dull, were sure to hit;
 Proud with applause, he thought his mind
 In every courtly art refin'd;
 Like ORPHEUS burnt with publick zeal,
 To civilize the Monkey weal;
 So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
 And fought his native woods again.

Venditur; at pacto quis vendi nollet eodem,
 Emptus adit pulchræ cùm penetrale Chloes?
 Servitio exultans, ut amator, vincula jactat,
 Inque dies blandæ Gratia crescit Heræ:
 Mimicus exercet ludos, ubicunque puellam
 Ad speculi studium cura diurna vocat;
 Colligit in nodum vittas; digitisque flabellum
 Increpat, urbani more modoque viri;
 Fœmineos etiam delectat acumine cœtus,
 Risum sæpe, joco deficiente, movet;
 Plausibus inflatur, dum se DIPLOMATE DIGNUM
 Cultus in aularum funditûs arte putat; [ardet
 Tum patriæ urit amor, Vatesque ut Thracius,
 Indigenarum animos arte polire rudes:
 Temporaque apta petens, vincli retinacula rumpit,
 Et nemus ad patrium, notaque lustra redit.

The hairy fylvans round him prefs,
 Astonish'd at his strut and drefs;
 Some praise his sleeve; and others glote
 Upon his rich embroider'd coat;
 His dapper perriwig commending,
 With the black tail behind depending,
 His powder'd back, above, below,
 Like hoary frost, or fleecy snow;
 But all, with envy and desire,
 His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire:

Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
 I come to make a nation wise;
 Weigh your own worth, support your place,
 The next in rank to human race;
 In cities long I pass'd my days,
 Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways;

Mirata incessum gestumque hirsuta caterva

Concurfat patriis præcipitata jugis ;

Pars nitidis plaudit manicis ; pars serica laudat

Tegmina, quèis limbos dædala pinxit acus ;

Concinni nil non delectat forma galeri,

Nigraque ab ambrosiis pendula cauda comis,

Terga superjecto redolentia pulvere adorant,

Terga pruinali candidiora nive ;

Fimbria sed lævo quam dat volitare lacerto,

Arridet cunctis, invidiamque movet :

Me, me, adsum, petulanter ait, me audite, catervæ,

Ut sapiat monitis natio tota meis ;

Proximus humanæ est cùm Simius ordine Genti

Quisque suum meritò vindicet usque Decus :

Ipse diù vitam versatus in urbibus egi,

Atque Hominum mores ingeniumq scio ;

Their drefs, their courtly manners fee ;
 Reform your ftate, and copy me.
 Seek ye to thrive ? in flatt'ry deal ;
 Your fcorn, your hate, with that conceal :
 Seem only to regard your friends,
 But ufe them for your private ends.
 Stint not to truth the flow of wit ;
 Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit ;
 Bend all your force to fpatter merit ;
 Scandal is converfation's fpirit ;
 Boldly to ev'ry thing pretend,
 And men your talents fhall commend ;
 I knew the great ; Obferve me right ;
 So fhall you grow like man polite.

He fpoke and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
 The wond'ring circle grinn'd applaufe :

Sumite in exemplum gestus habitusque decoros ;

Ad normam Regni jus stabilite meam.

Discite adulari, si cura sit ulla peculi,

Sic Bilem atque odium dissimulare licet :

Se totum dare quisque suis videatur amicis,

Ast uti proprio fit sibi cura bono.

Non arcto ingenium cohibete in limite Veri ;

Mentiri, cum res postulat, usque decet ;

Sit labor alterius meritis inducere labem ;

Colloquio vires dant maledicta novas ;

Discite cuncta audere, et nil nescire videri,

Laudabitque sagax mentis acumen Homo ;

Cum Magnis vixisse meum est ; mea jussa secutus

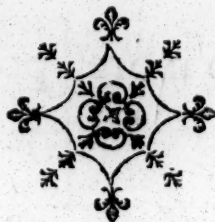
Simius humano more, politus erit.

Dixit, et incurvatus humi est. Horrenda cachin-

Eloquium rictu tota corona probat : [nans

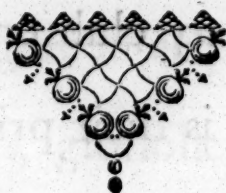
Now, warm'd with malice, envy, spite,
 Their most obliging friends they bite ;
 And fond to copy human ways,
 Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
 With travel finishes the fool ;
 Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
 He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears ;
 O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
 For vice is fitted to his parts.



Rodere quisque suos hinc simius ardet amicos,
 Ultricesque iras invidiamque foveat;
 Atque hominum mores gaudens simulare, recentes
 Usque agit infidias, invigilatque malo.

Sic hebes, atque humeris Schola cui male convenit
 Stultitiam externo perficit orbe puer; [altis,
 Vestibus infervit, ludit, bibit, omnia fœda
 Perpetrat, ut belli sit sibi fama viri;
 Seria deridet, studia averfatur honesta,
 Ingenio vitium convenit—et sequitur.





F A B L E IX.

The LION and the CUB.

HOW fond are men of rule and place,

Who court it from the mean and base !

These cannot bear an equal nigh,

But from superior merit fly ;

They love the cellar's vulgar joke,

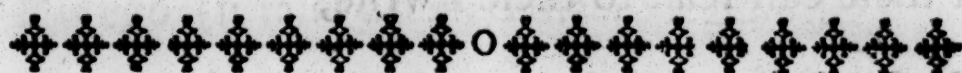
And lose their hours in ale and smoke ;

There o'er some petty club preside,

So poor, so paltry is their pride ;

Nay, e'en with fools whole nights will sit,

In hopes to be supreme in wit.



F A B U L A IX.

LEO, et PROLES.

QUàm pravâ imperiique locique cupidine fla-
 Talia ab infami qui sibi plebe petunt ! [grant,
 Ferre parem ignorant, et se prope cernere tædet
 Clarior ex meritò quos decoravit honos ;
 Hos infulsa juvant vulgaris dicta popinæ
 Et vappâ et fumo turpiter acta dies ;
 Illic sordidulum regere inter pocula cætum
 Vilis agit fastus, gloriolæque fitis ;
 Quinetiam totas cum stultis sumere noctes
 Ingenio primi si videantur, amant.

If these can read to these I write,
To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-cub of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind ;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts ;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president ;
He caught their manners, looks, and airs :
An ass in every thing, but ears ;
If e'er his highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke ;
But at each word what shouts of praise !
Good gods ! how natural he brays !

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He seeks his royal fire's retreat ;

His ego (si tales artem didicere legendi)

His scribo, ut meritâ stet tibi luce decus.

Degener et turpi juvenis Leo pectore fertur

Omne Leoninum deferuisse genus ;

Sordida, laudis avens, petiit convivia vulgus

Quæ dedit, et viles instituere feræ ;

Tota Afinis vitæ devovit tempora, constans

Menfarum præses, symposiique caput ;

Quin ora, atque habitus paulatim sumere, donec

Auribus exceptis totus Afellus erat ;

Si lepidum vellet quid dicere, rictibus omnis

Cæpit inaudito plaudere turba joco ; [quàm

Ast ubi verba dabat, quot tollere laudibus ! “ O

Nativâ rudit Hic voce, Asinumque sonat !

Blanditiis gaudens, proprioque elatus amore,

Tendit ad augusti regia lustra patris ;

Forward, and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays; the Lion starts;

Puppy, that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation :
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace.

Why so severe ? the Cub replies ;
Our senate always held me wise.

How weak is pride ! returns the fire ;
All fools are vain, when fools admire ;
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise.



Ingeniumque ardens proferre, dat ore ruditum

Magnifico—refilit, concutiturque Leo:

Vah! infulse canis! vox execrata sodales

Indicat ista tuos, et mala lustra notat:

Semper amant strepitu, blaterans genus, ardeli-

In sua Præcones probra, sonare tubas. [ones

Cur mihi, natus ait, pater, hæc tam dura? senatus

Me noster magni pendit, habetque sophum.

Heu! quàm delirat fastus, pater inquit, inanis?

Quem fatui laudant, quisque superbit hebes;

Disce tamen, quicquid stupidi mirantur aselli,

Ludibrio esse mihi, magnanimisque feris.





F A B L E X.

The BUTTERFLY and the SNAIL.

ALL upstarts insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.

As, in the sunshine of the morn,
A Butterfly but newly born,
Sat proudly perking on a rose;
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings all-glorious to behold,
Bedropt with azure, jet and gold,

Atque alacer, mentemque ostendere ^{[acutam,}
promptus
Magnificùm rudit; concutiturque Leo:

Stulte, infulse canis, vox execrata fodales
Indicat ista tuos, et mala lustra notat:
Semper vana fremens, stolidum genus ardelionum,
Dedecus ad proprium dant resonare tubas:

Cur mihi, natus ait, pater, hæc tam dura? senatus
Me noster magni pendit, habetque sophum.

Ah! quàm delirat fastus, pater inquit, inanis?
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F A B U L A X.

PAPILIO et LIMAX.

VIR novus, inque novo nimiùm se ^{[jactans,} munere
Plebeium cogit nos meminisse genus.

Papilio, superas vix jam bene natus in oras,
Aurorà nitidum restituyente diem,
Flore super roseo sedet, et caput erigit altum,
Et tumet, et proprio raptus amore calet;
Tegmina pennarum, ferruginis instar, et auri,
Cæruleoque simul tincta colore micant;

Wide he displays; the spangled dew
 Reflects his eyes, and various hue;
 His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
 Beneath his house, with slimy trail
 Crawls o'er the grafs; whom when he spies,
 In wrath he to the gard'ner cries :

What means yon peasant's daily toil,
 From choaking weeds to rid the foil?
 Why wake you to the morning's care,
 Why with new arts correct the year?
 Why glows the peach with crimson hue?
 And why the plumb's inviting blue?
 Were they to feast his taste design'd,
 That vermin of voracious kind?
 Crush then the flow, the pilf'ring race,
 So purge thy garden from disgrace.

Ipse patet Soli; nitidusque repercutit imber
 Fulgentes oculos, versicolorque decus;
 Sub lare dum proprio, spretus per gramen amicus
 Cœnoſo Limax tramite ſignat iter;
 Quem ſimul ac cernit, cuſtodem protinus horti
 Advocat, atque irà ſic furibundus ait:

Dic, operæ incumbit cur Ruſticus iſte diurnæ,
 Ut fœdo herbarum ſemine purget humum?
 Cur matutinas exerces tu quoque curas,
 Atque anni fructus corrigis arte novà?
 Coccineo fervent cur perſica mala rubore?
 Aut cur cæruleo pruna colore nitent?
 Iſtius ut ſaturent ſunt hæccine culta palatum,
 Iſtius ut vermis ſint placitura gulæ?
 Tardam dede neci, furacem tunde catervam,
 Sic horti meritis reſtituatur honor.

What arrogance! the Snail reply'd,
 How insolent is upstart pride!
 Hadst thou not thus with insult vain,
 Provok'd my patience to complain,
 I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
 Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth;
 For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
 To swell the fruit, and paint the flow'rs,
 Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
 In base and fordid guise array'd;
 A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
 You dragg'd a flow and noisome train;
 And from your spider-bowels drew
 Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
 I own my humble life, good friend;
 Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
 And what's a Butterfly? At best,
 He's but a caterpillar, drest;

Et tibi, ait Limax, hæc unde superbia venit?

Vilia quàm gravior pectora fastus habet!

Opprobrii causam nisi tu prior ipse dedisses,

Pectore me cogens impatiente queri,

Nollem ego te nullis dixisse parentibus ortum,

At genus ex ipsis facibus esse tuum;

Nam celeres vix nonus adhuc sol protulit horas,

Ut foveant fructus, dentque rubere rofas,

Ex quo cernere erat turpem te degere vitam,

Abiectumque habitu fordidiore tegi;

Impurum, deforme animal, tum vile trahebas

Squalenti obductus sirmate, corpus humi;

Fœtida tum nebas, ceu turpis aranea, fila,

Ore vomens uteri stercore fœda tui.

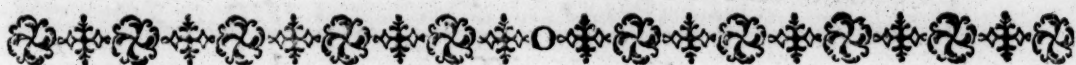
Non humili inficior natum me stemmate; limax

Natus eram, et limax, victima mortis, ero:

Et quid papilio est? (pejus nihil addere vellem)

Nil nisi vermiculus lautior esse potest;

And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed.

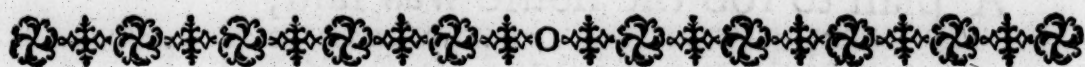


F A B L E X I.

The CUR and the MASTIFF.

A Sneaking Cur, the master's spy,
 Rewarded for his daily lie,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor Puss to-day was in disgrace,
Another cat supply'd her place;
The hound was beat, the Mastiff chid,
The Monkey was the room forbid;

Et genus omne tuum, turpis sine fine propago,
Vermiculos referet, sordidulosque patres.



F A B U L A XI.

CATULUS et MOLOSSUS.

PECTORIS infidi catulus, speculator herilis,
Præmia qui linguæ sæpe inhonesta tulit,
Seditione, dolis, irà, invidiàque, metuque
Implèrat totam, miscueratque domum.
Opprobrium subit infauſtus sine crimine felis,
Depositique locum protinus alter habet;
Verbera fert inſons canis, arguiturque Moloffus,
Cogitur infelix ſimiùs ire foras;

Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid,
The thief with love seduc'd the maid;
Cajol'd the Cur, and strok'd his head,
And bought his secrecy with bread;
He next the Mastiff's honour try'd,
Whose honest jaws the bribe defy'd;
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly Dog his fingers tore.

Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The master took his information;
Hang him, the villain's curs'd, he cries
And round his neck the halter ties.

The Dog his humble suit preferr'd,
And begg'd in justice to be heard.

Quisque comes comitem formidat, amicus ami-
 Nec quæ causa malum protulit ulla patet. [cum,

Cum fociis spoliare latro convenerat ædes,

Et famulæ ficto vincit amore fidem;

Blanditur catulo, caput et fovet, oraque mulcet,

Secretumque animum munere panis emit;

Mox fidi virtutem audet tentare Molossi;

Fortior oblatum respuit ille cibum;

Dumque manum extendit latro dare plura para-
 [tam,

Indignans digitos fauciat ore canis.

Ociùs accelerat catulus, causamque querelæ

Accipiens, irâ fervet, ut audit, herus:

Carnificem suspende, inquit; colloque fideli

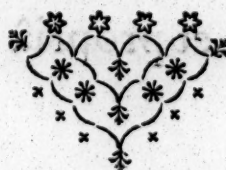
Dat laqueum, et propriâ colligat ipse manu.

Suppliciter causam profert, oratque Molossus,

Audiri vicibus se quoque posse suis.

The master sat. On either hand
 The cited dogs confronting stand;
 The Cur the bloody tale relates,
 And, like a lawyer, aggravates.
 Judge not unheard, the Mastiff cry'd,
 But weigh the cause of either side;
 Think not that treach'ry can be just,
 Take not informers words on trust;
 They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
 And you and me by turns betray.

He spoke. And all the truth appear'd,
 The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.



Confilium vocat, et partes agit ipse magister

Judicis, et coram fertur uterque canis ;

Atroce[m] catulus rem narrat, et omnia pandens,

Causidici ritu, deteriora facit.

Abfit inaudito cuiquam sit pœna, Molossus

Clamat, justitiam cautus utrinque colas ;

Perfidiam ne crede probas sibi sumere partes,

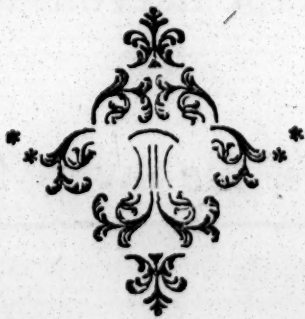
Nec delatori da sine teste fidem ;

Ille tenet patulas quæcunque in munera palmas,

Et tibi ferre dolos, ut mihi, promptus erit.

Dixit. vera patent ; catulus suspenditur, infons

Dimissâ veniam lite, Molossus habet.





F A B L E XII.

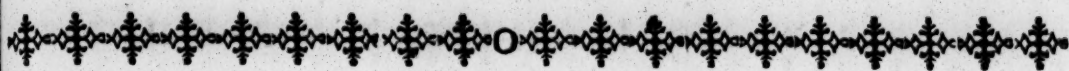
The PERSIAN, the SUN, and the CLOUD.

IS there a bard whom genius fires,

Whose ev'ry thought the God inspires?

When envy reads the nervous lines,

She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;



F A B U L A XII.

PERSA, SOL, et NUBES.

Estne qui puro calet igne vates ?

Estne, cui vocis strepitum canoræ

Temperat ductor fidium, lyræque

Auctor Apollo ?

Audit audaces numeros sonantem,

Audit invitâ gravis aure Livor ;

Frendet, infestasque agitat maligno

Pectore flammâs ;

Her hissing snakes with venom swell ;

She calls her venal train from hell ;

The servile fiends her nod obey,

And all CURL's authors are in pay.

Fame calls up calumny and spite ;

Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As prostrate to the God of day,

With heart devout, a Persian lay,

Per caput diro tumidi veneno
 Sibilant angues; genus ille fœdum
 Concutit, venale pecus, nigroque
 Evocat orco;

Paret inferni monitis magistri
 Dæmonum quotquot fovet impiorum
 Turba, quæ chartis scelerata vendit
 Probra diurnis.

Cogit infames BAVII catervas
 Fama clarorum celebrata vatum;
 Purus ut Phœbi radius nigrantes
 Parturit umbras.

Lucis ad æthereum sincero corde parentem
 Fervida prostratus vota, precesque pias

His invocation thus begun.

“ Parent of light, all-seeing Sun,
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts, of providence,
Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and blest the year.”

A Cloud, who mock'd his graceful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud:

“ Weak is this gaudy God of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows, nor incense know?
Where praise is due, the praise bestow.”

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd;

Perfa dabat. " Tu diffundis, laudande, Deorum
 Munera, tu, Lux O mundi genialis origo,
 Alme parens, Sol O pulcher, qui singula lustras,
 Fœcundisque foves radiis, nostram accipe laudem,
 Hæc meritas tibi dona preces; sis mitior arvis
 Sis pater, et lætum da volvere frugibus annum."

Pectoris hæc grati deridens munera Nubes,

Perfudit tenebris invidiosa diem;

Et subitò e nimbis vox fastu inflata maligno,

Talibus audita est intonuisse sonis :

" Quis tuus est imbellis, et aureus ille Deorum,

Qui jacet arbitrio lucida tela meo?

Nullane vota meas, neque thura ferentur ad aras?

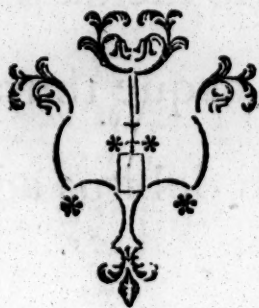
Hic etiam laudi debitus adfit honor."

Raptus amore pio, fastumque perosus inanem,

Improbat indignans hoc grave Perfa nefas;

It was that God, who claims my prayer,
 Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there ;
 When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
 Thy substance is but plainer shown ;
 A passing gale, a puff of wind
 Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.

The gale arose ; the vapour tost
 (The sport of winds) in air was lost ;
 The glorious orb the day refines.
 Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.



Qui tibi dat formam, quique istà in sede locari

Te finit, Hic Deus est ; Huic ego vota fero ;

Cum tegit ipse caput velamine, planior extat

Corporis effigies conspicienda tui ;

Teslabrumquodcunque rapit, glomerataque circum

Agmina præcipitem cogit inire fugam.

Affurgunt Zephyri ; tenuatus in aera cedit

(Ludibrium ventis) discutiturque vapor ;

Lux purgat Phœbea diem. sic transit inanis

Invidia, et meritis luce refulget honor.





F A B L E XIII.

The Fox at the Point of Death.

A Fox, in life's extreme decay,
 Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay ;
 All appetite had left his maw,
 And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
 His num'rous race around him stand,
 To learn their dying fire's command ;
 He rais'd his head with whining moan,
 And thus was heard the feeble tone :



F A B U L A XIII.

VULPES moribunda.

L Anguida, et enervis, senioque exhausta, jacebat
 Extremam Vulpes mortis itura viam ;
 Non stomacho jam notus amor fuit, oraque dentes
 Confecti longà destituere die.
 Ordine stat tristi circum numerosa propago,
 Ægrotique capit jussa suprema patris ;
 Ille caput flenti similis, similisque gementi
 Tollere, et imbelli sic ululare sono :

Ah, sons! from evil ways depart;
 My crimes lie heavy on my heart :
 See, see, the murder'd geese appear!
 Why are those bleeding turkies there?
 Why all around this cackling train,
 Who haunt my ears for chicken slain?

The hungry Foxes round them star'd,
 And for the promis'd feast prepar'd :

Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
 Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here :
 These are the phantoms of your brain,
 And your sons lick their lips in vain :

O gluttons! says the drooping fire,
 Restrain inordinate desire ;
 Your liqu'rish taste you shall deplore,
 When peace of conscience is no more :

Define famosos, soboles mea, define mores ;

Me premit injusti prægrave cordis onus :

Anferis en cæsi mihi plurima surgit imago !

Cur melicarum instat sanguinolenta cohors ?

Cur mihi quæ pullos toties gallina peremptos

Objicit, et dirà voce tremenda canit ?

Jejunæ volvunt circum undique lumina vulpes,

Inque cibum dentes tota caterva parat :

Ah! pater, hæc ubi sunt convivia? non melicarum,

Non hîc gallinæ forma, nec anser adest :

Te cerebri ludunt species, et hiantia frustrà

Nos spe pollicitæ lambimus ora dapis :

Pone cupidinibus, moriens pater inquit, avaris,

Pone modum vestris, gens scelerata, gulis ;

Mox erit hic luxus, ventrisque dolenda libido,

Conscia cum deerit pax, animique quies :

Does not the hound betray our pace,
 And gins and guns destroy our race?
 Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
 And never feel the quiet hour.
 Old age (which few of us shall know)
 Now puts a period to my woe.
 Would you true happiness attain,
 Let honesty your passions rein;
 So live in credit and esteem,
 And the good name you lost, redeem.

The counsel's good, a Fox replies,
 Could we perform what you advise:
 Think what our ancestors have done,
 A line of thieves from son to son:
 To us descends the long disgrace,
 And infamy hath mark'd our race.

Nonne canis, quàcunque iter est, vestigia prodit,

Nec tormenta ferunt infidiæque necem?

Legis acuta timent et jurum lumina fures,

Nec venit ulla novo quæ vacat hora metu.

Me premit (heu! nobis rarò experienda) senectus,

Jam finem curis impositura meis.

Ducere si sit amor, verè feliciter ævum,

Pura fides animi vos, pietasque regat;

Sic decus, et famam, sic justum acquirere nomen

Cura fit, et lapsus restituatur honor.

Cui vulpes, rectè, pater O! bone, consulis, inquit,

Jussa quidem liceat si tua ritè sequi:

At recolas nostrì quid commisere parentes,

Ex turpi furum traduce, turpe genus:

Dedecus antiquo nobis descendit ab ævo,

Progeniemque omnem fama sinistra notat.

Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
 Honest in thought, in word, and deed ;
 Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
 We shall be thought to share the feast.
 The change shall never be believed ;
 A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.

Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
 (But hark ! I hear a hen that clocks)
 Go, but be mod'rate in your food,——
 A chicken too might do ME good.



Stirps tua tota licet, verboque animoque fidelis,

Innocuæ gramen mordeat instar ovis ;

Quæ data cunque tamen sint gallinaria cladi,

Fama feret partem nos habuisse dapum.

Vix ita mutatas cuiquam fas credere vulpes ;

Perdatur heu ! semper, perdita fama semel.

Siccine res agitur, Vulpes ait ægra ? (sed audin,

Jam mihi Gallinæ glocit in aure sonus)

Quin genus i nostrum ; modico tamen utere victu—

Credo equidem pullo ME quoque posse frui.





FABLE XIV.

The TURKEY and the ANT.

IN other men we faults can spy,
 And blame the moat that dims their eye,
 Each little speck and blemish find,
 To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
 Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
 Behind her ran an infant train,
 Collecting here and there a grain.



F A B U L A XIV.

MELICA et FORMICA.

SÆpe in amicorum vitiis spectamus acutum,
 Et querimur falsà lumina nube tegi,
 Non labes nos ulla fugit; nec cernimus ipsi,
 Quàm nos interea fortior error habet.

Priscum exosa cibum Melica, et vulgaria temnens,
 Horrea destituit nota, nemusque petit;
 Pone subit, trepidatque pedes æquare sequendo
 Granaque certatim turba tenella legit.

Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,
 This hill delicious fare supplies ;
 Behold the bufy Negroe race,
 See, millions blacken all the place !
 Fear not. Like me with freedom eat ;
 An Ant is moft delightful meat.
 How blefs'd, how envy'd were our life,
 Could we but 'fcape the poult'rer's knife !
 But man, curs'd man, on turkies preys,
 And Chriftnas fhortens all our days :
 Sometimes with oifters we combine,
 Sometimes affift the fav'ry chine.
 From the low peafant to the lord,
 The Turkey fmokes on ev'ry board.
 Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
 Of the fev'n deadly fins the worft.

Me prope, mater ait, soboles mea, sistite gressus,

Quàm lauta hic nobis fercula collis habet !

Cernite ut Æthiopum studiis intenta caterva est !

Millibus en plena est, totaque nigret humus !

Quin mecum, audaces epulis incumbite ; nulla est

Formicâ stomacho gratior esca meo ;

Impia si cohiberet atrox pullarius arma,

Ah ! nimium nobis vita beata foret :

Ast homo, pravus homo, melicas prædatur, et om-

Exitio turbæ festa decembris agit : [nis

Ofstrea nobiscum patinâ sociantur in unâ,

Ponimur aut falsæ terga ad opima Suis ;

Vilis ab agricolæ magnatum ad fercula mensis

Vix unquam Melicæ nidor odor abest :

Septem inter peccata Hominum non devovet ul-

Certius, ingluvies quam scelerata gulæ. [lum

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
 Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beach :
 Ere you remark another's sin,
 Bid thy own conscience look within ;
 Controul thy more voracious bill,
 Nor for a breakfast nations kill.



Formica, in celsum scandens, quæ fugerat hostem,

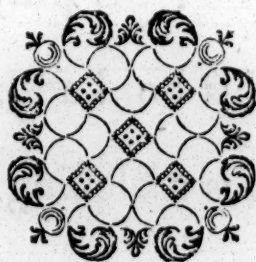
Talia sub fagi tegmine verba facit :

Ante tibi alterius quàm fas reprehendere crimen,

Perscrutare tuum quid tibi pectus ait ;

Tu rostro moderare, et cum jentacula sumas,

Te pudeat totis gentibus esse neci.





F A B L E XV.

The FATHER and JUPITER.

THE Man to Jove his suit preferr'd;
 He begg'd a wife : his prayer was heard;
 JOVE wonder'd at his bold addressing;
 For how precarious is a blessing !

A wife he takes ; and now for heirs
 Again he worries heav'n with prayers,
 Jove nods assent : Two hopeful boys
 And a fine girl reward his joys ;



F A B U L A XV.

PATER et JUPITER.

Supplex vota Jovi dat Homo, sponsamque re-^{[quirit;}
 Nec patitur vanas Jupiter ire preces;
 Miratur sed vota tamen; nam sponsa futura
 Qualis erit, Divûm dicere nemo potest!

Sponsam habet; hæredes nunc ambitiosior optat,
 Rursûs vota facit, sollicitatque Jovem:
 Nec negat hæc Deus: egregii duo pignora nati,
 Felicique datur filia pulchra toro;

Now, more solicitous he grew,
 And set their future lives in view ;
 He saw that all respect and duty
 Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty ;
 Once more, he cries, accept my prayer ;
 Make my lov'd progeny thy care !
 Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,
 All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
 My next with strong ambition fire ;
 May favour teach him to aspire ;
 Till he the step of pow'r ascend,
 And courtiers to their idol bend.
 With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
 My daughter's perfect features arm.
 If Heav'n approve, a Father's blest'd :
 Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

Nunc magis urgetur curis, vitasque revolvit,

Et quæ fata feret cuique futura dies ;

Viderat omne decus, cultumque, hominumque fa-
[vorem

Imperio, formæ, divitiisque dari ;

Atque iterum exclamat, precor hoc quoque per-
[fice votum

Jupiter ; O ! sobolis fit tibi cura meæ !

Dives inauretur fortunæ flumine natus,

Qui thalami spes est, et mihi primus amor.

Ambitione alter laudumque cupidine flagret ;

Et favor, et procerum gratia pectus alat ;

Donec ad imperium surgentem, ut numen adorent

Submissoque colant aulica turba genu.

Omnis frontis honos, et pulchræ gratia formæ

Filiolam certent condecorare meam.

Si probet hoc cælum, patri licet esse beato :

Ridet, et has Numen spes jubet esse ratas.

The first, a miser at the heart,
 Studious of ev'ry griping art,
 Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
 And all his life devotes to gain.
 He feels no joy, his cares increase,
 He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;
 In fancy'd want (a wretch compleat)
 He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew:
 The thriving art of courts he knew:
 He reach'd the height of power and place;
 Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
 His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
 The vain coquette each suit disdains,
 And glories in her lover's pains;

Primus opum studio cor exagitatus ad imum,
 Et quàcunque potest arte, aliena petens,
 Quæsitisque addens, et quèis tenet inscius uti,
 Sollicitos lucro devovet usque dies.

Ingeminant curæ, nulla illum gaudia tangunt,
 Nulla die recreat pax, neque nocte sopor;
 Ficta inter cumulos paupertas reddit egenum,
 Excruciatque inter fercula vera fames.

Altera spes subitis cumulatur honoribus, aulæ
 Ad quæstum obliquas callidus ire vias:
 Attingit fortunæ apicem; sed surgit, ut ingens
 Victima dedecori sit, graviorque cadat.

Filia maturo perfunditur ora decore,
 Gratia inest formæ, luminibusque nitor;
 Illa viros petulanter et oblatos Hymenæos
 Fastidit, spreti læta dolore proci;

With age she fades, each lover flies,
 Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
 And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
 Thus spoke the God. "By outward show,
 Men judge of happiness and woe ;
 Shall ignorance of good and ill
 Dare to direct th' eternal will ?
 Seek virtue ; and, of that possess,
 To Providence resign the rest."



Marcida dum profugos discedere luget amantes,
Et vetulà languens virginitate perit.

Jupiter afflictum cum fata dolere parentem

Cernit, et infidos insimulare Deos,

Hæc ait. “ Externà delusus imagine rerum,
Quid juvet, aut noceat, quàm malè novit
[homo?]

Verane qui falsis nescit distinguere, mentis

Æternæ judex, et moderator erit?

VIRTUTEM tu posce Deos; quà ritè potità,

Nil manet crandum; cætera mitte Jovi.”





F A B L E XVI.

The POET and the ROSE.

I Hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame :

Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,

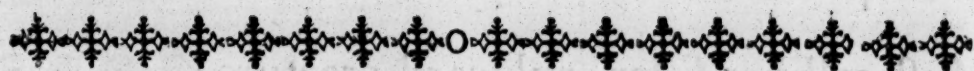
Imagine that they raise their own :

Thus Scribblers, covetous of praise,

Think slander can transplant the bays :

Beauties and bards have equal pride,

With both all rivals are decry'd :



F A B U L A XVI.

POETA et ROSA.

SIT procul O! famæ alterius quicunque ruinas

Fundamenta cupit nominis esse sui :

Sic quoties meritos aliis subvertit honores

Sese augere suos invida Nympha putat :

Sic credit, Vates alios dum carpit ineptus

Se transferre suis laurea ferta comis :

Lege æquà Vates, et fœmina pulchra superbit,

Rivales pariter damnat uterque suos.

Who praises LESBIA's eyes and feature,
 Must call her sister, aukward creature ;
 For the kind flatt'ry's sure to charm,
 When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
 A Poet sought the sweets of May,
 The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
 And ev'ry stalk with odour bends.
 A rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
 Thus singing as the Muse inspir'd.

Go, Rose, my CHLOE's bosom grace ;

How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envy'd place

With never-fading love !

There, Phœnix like, beneath her eye,
 Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die !

Quis laudare potest te, Lesbica, rite, Sororis
 Ni simul incuset formam habitumque tuæ?
 Blanda etenim bis lingua placet, quæ suppetit uni
 Quas laudet, veneres, alteriusque rapit.

Mane fuit primum, dulcis cùm gaudia Maji,
 Frigida dum spirant flabra, Poeta petit, [omnis
 Dumque horti fragrant, Zephyrisque recentibus,
 Flos viget, omne novo germen odore fluit,
 Ille rosam legit, et mirantia lumina figens,
 Eliquat hoc, musâ præcipiente, melos.

Vade, meam, Rosa, quære Chloen, gremioque
 Sis decus; ah! felix terque quaterque forem,
 Huic mihi si nullo perituum tempore amorem
 Optato liceat suppeditare loco!
 Illic, ceu Phœnix, oculorum ardore perusto,
 Involvi liquido thure, et odore mori!

Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant roses there ;
 I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
 With envy and despair !
 One common fate we both must prove ;
 You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your comparisons, reply'd
 An angry Rose, who grew beside.
 Of all mankind you should not flout us :
 What can a Poet do without us ?
 In ev'ry love-song roses bloom ;
 We lend you colour and perfume.
 Does it to CHLOE's charms conduce,
 To sound her praise on our abuse ?
 Must we, to flatter her, be made
 To wither, envy, pine, and fade ?



Ah, nescis, flos, heu! nescis, infauſte, quot illic
 Suaviùs halantes experiere roſas ;
 En! video, livore, et ſpe marceſcere lapſâ,
 Languidulas frondes, deciduumque caput !
 Funus utrumque manet; communi clade perimus;
 Tu cadis invidiæ Viſtima, amoris ego.

Hæc tibi tu ſerves ſtulta exemplaria, dicit,
 Quæ propè creſcebat, rapta furore Roſa;
 Ante alios pudeat te nos contemnere; vates
 Quid faceret, noſtram ſi renuamus opem ?
 Fervet quæque roſis, quæ fervet amore, poeſis ;
 Hinc color, hinc vobis ſuppeditatur odor.
 Tene putas, ingrate, Chloes augere decorem,
 Cùm patimur muſæ turpia probra tuæ ?
 Huic ut aduleris, cur nos marceſcere cogis,
 Cur languere jubès, invidiâque mori ?





F A B L E XVII.

The HARE and many FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,

Unless to one you stint the flame:

The child, whom many fathers share,

Hath seldom known a father's care:

'Tis thus in friendship; who depend

On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who in a civil way,

Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,



F A B U L A XVII.

LEPUS et AMICORUM copia.

UNI junge animum, et fidas ibi ^{[flammas,} comprime

Aut, ut Amans, vanum nomen, Amicus erit:

Ut dubiis Infans qui ducit patribus ortum

Vix unquam patris novit amore frui,

Sic in amicitia; multis qui fidit, amici

Officium rarò qui bene præstet, habet.

Quod potuit, studio Lepus obsequiosus in omni

Omnibus, ut *Vates*, lector amice, *tuus*,

Was known by all the bestial train
 Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain :
 Her care was never to offend,
 And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn ;
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
 And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies :
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;
 She hears the near advance of death ;
 She doubles to mislead the hound,
 And measures back her mazy round ;
 Till, fainting in the public way,
 Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
 When first the horse appear'd in view !

Notus erat cunctis quæcunque animalia sylvas

Lustrant, aut campi pabula dente legunt:

Cura placere fuit, nullique offendere, et omnis

Bestia sinceram vovit amica fidem.

Ille ubi prima novos Aurora effuderat imbres,

Dum, prata ut libet roscida, carpit iter;

Venantum voces audit post terga, gravique

Ceu tonitru horrescit murmure, abitque fugâ:

Fertque, refertque gradum, suspirat, et admovet

Et trepidat lethi jam propiore sono; [aurem,

Nunc cursus, si forte canes eludat, eosdem

Duplicat, et gyros itque reditque pares;

Donec anhela metu languens præcordia, et æger

Concidit in mediâ semianimisque viâ.

Spes quàm grata subit, quæ raptant gaudia pectus

Cum faciem noti jam prope cernit equi!

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
 And owe my safety to a friend:
 You know my feet betray my flight;
 To friendship ev'ry burden's light.

The Horse reply'd, poor honest Puss,
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
 Be comforted, relief is near;
 For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately Bull implor'd;
 And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
 Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
 That I sincerely wish you well,
 I may, without offence, pretend
 To take the freedom of a friend:
 Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
 Expects me near yon barley-mow;

Fas fit, Amice, tuum, clamat, mihi scandere dor-

Sitque falus fidei debita nostra tuæ : [sum,

Cernis ut hæc infida fugam vestigia produnt,

Sarcina amicitiae est quæque ferenda levis.

Me piget, inquit Equus, te cernere dura ferentem

Te, sine fraude caput, te mihi care Lepus :

At tibi fume animum, certam prope cerne salu-

Omnis amicorum copia pone subest. [tem ;

Mox Taurum implorat queribundâ voce super-

Et sic armenti rex venerandus ait : [bum ;

Quandoquidem quaecunque habitant animalia ter-

Norunt quam fidâ te pietate colo, [ras,

Libertate utar, quâ tractat amicus amicum,

Sintque sine invidiâ quæ sine fraude loquor :

Me gravis hinc Amor urget ; ad istum farris acer-

Me vult, Deliciae, pulchra Juvenca, meæ : [vum

And when a lady's in the case,
 You know, all other things give place :
 To leave you thus might seem unkind :
 But see, the Goat is just behind.

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
 Her languid head, her heavy eye :
 My back, says he, may do you harm ;
 The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
 His sides a load of wool sustain'd :
 Said he was flow, confess'd his fears ;
 For hounds eat sheep, as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf address'd,
 To save from death a friend distress'd :

Et scis foemineas cum res agitemus oportet,

Fas est cætera dent, qualiacunque, locum :

Asperior videar, cum linquere cogor amicum,

At viden ! a tergo non procul Hircus abest.

Hircus ut impulsas rapido notat impete venas,

Torquentesque oculos cernit, inersque caput,

Hirfutum hoc noceat tergum tibi forsitan, inquit,

Te tepidum foveat vellus, et astat Ovis.

Imbellem se dicit Ovis, queriturque gravatam

Jam nimis, et lanæ pondera ferre latus :

Lenta etiam incusat crura, agnoscitque timores ;

Namque ovis, ut lepus est, fit quoque præda
[canum.]

Tandem infelici mortem ut defendat amico,

Curfanti Vitulo fervida vota facit :

L

Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence:
Excuse me then. You know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas! must part;
How shall we all lament! Adieu:
For see the hounds are just in view.



At Vitulus, teneris cùm fim sine viribus annis,

Hoc mihi fufcipiam tam grave pondus, ait?

Te modo præteriit majusque et fortius agmen;
[tur!

Vis quàm magna illis, quàm mihi parva da-

Quisque, nec immeritò, mihi succenferet amicus,

Hinc te fi proprio tollere marte velim:

Da veniam; te totus amo; fed acerba fuorum

Funera, cuique dabunt debita fata pati;

Heu, quam flendus eris! longùm æternùmque va-
[leto

Care lepus: videas huc properare canes.





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